

T H E
PORCUPINE

FOR MARCH, 1905

FACULTY

NUMBER



SANTA ROSA, CAL., HIGH SCHOOL

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E. R. SAWYER

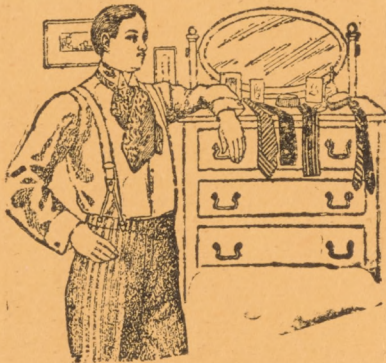
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The Porcupine

VOL. XI.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., MARCH, 1905

NO. 7

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

Past the Edge

No one would suspect that the great city of St. Louis, with its hundreds of factories belching soft coal smoke over its 600,000 seething inhabitants, is on the edge of things, that it stands as a bulwark to the undeveloped South, and has stemmed the tide of industrial energy that has crowded down from the North, sweeping away forests, scarring the earth with steel rails, and strewing volcanic factories in its course. In itself it seems a typical city of the West—or the great Middle West—a busy commercial city like the rest. But its front door is toward the north, whence came its energy, and where still is its great interest. The forty tracks that center in the immense Union depot, ring constantly with the heavy traffic out and in. But it is chiefly a traffic between the north and east and west. It is striking how little of it filters through to the South that lies disregarded, almost forgotten at its back door.

But once one has wearily battled his way past the miles of gorgeous alluring shop windows, through the clang of street car gongs, the shriek of whistles, the hum of machinery, the rattle of trucks, the jostling of frantically busy pedestrians, to the Mississippi levee, he has suddenly come to the end of the turmoil and nerve-racking confusion. It is as the descent of peace on a warring nation, the bursting of the sun through the exhausted storm clouds. All about is a startling silence and repose. It is the beginning of the southland. The walls of the buildings that face the water front seem like stage scenery to shut out the noise of the city beyond. Under the awnings, in the little cigar stands, in the doorways, in

the freight office and warehouses lounge negroes in lazy comfort, picturesque and unwashed, and enviable in their oblivion of the passage of time and its opportunities. Beyond, the bumpy cobblestone levee slopes steeply down some fifty yards to the water's edge, where are moored the great steamboats, huge paddle-wheelers. Small wonder that the worn-out traveler is delighted to find this part of the world at least fifty years behind the average of American progress. Quite natural that he should be impelled to embark upon Mark Twain's own river—and does.

"She'll most likely get away at 5:30 or thereabouts," said the genial ticket agent, when asked about his time schedule. It was already after 5 o'clock, yet boxes and barrels were piled high on the dock, while from time to time a mule and dump-cart would come sliding and clattering down the cobblestone levee and add its load to the pile on the landing. The sun dropped suddenly behind that ghostly rim of buildings that stood so stark at the top of the levee. At once a great clamor arose in the city beyond and came hurtling over the barrier. One might have thought the fiery ball had dropped squarely in the midst of the city, and that one heard the shrieks of its seared and mangled citizens. But it was the factory whistles marking 6 o'clock. And still the mule carts came rumbling down with their loads and the negro roustabouts slouched back and forth in pairs from the heap of merchandise to the boat, carrying crates and boxes, like ants, slipping and reeling under their unwieldy burdens. For all the loading and unloading is done by negro-power. Of course, it is a slow process, for only a small force can use a gang plank at once. But nobody worries. The seraphic calm of officers and crew is contagious. If the boat does not start at 5:30, why, "thereabouts" suits everybody quite as well.

The shadows deepen till the variegated raiment of the roustabouts is silhouetted as darkly as their faces against the grayish stones of the levee. "Well, I'll swan," twang-

ed a nasal voice near the railing, and the rest all peered through the darkness to remark the alien presence of a real Yankee. "Look at those poor creatures doing the work of a steam derrick, and not complaining about it, either, and see that slave driver up yonder with that club, driving them like a lot of mules," continued the indignant nasal voice; and a well articulated finger pointed accusingly at the mild, jolly-looking mate, who did, indeed, have a club. It was a challenge. As, for the moment, no one answered it, the challenger glanced about with rising pride and triumph, as one who has utterly confounded his enemies by finding them without a ready answer. Then a quiet voice spoke: "Yes, they do have to drive them some down here," it said slowly. "But it is the only way to get them to work. And it is best, both for themselves and for us, that they should work, isn't it?" And there was a pause for the answer that was not made. "Besides," continued the deliberate voice, "if we haven't found out the uses of machinery down here yet, it is to the negro's advantage after all. This boat wouldn't be carrying a pay-roll of forty negroes at \$2.50 per day and board if they had a steam hoist on board to do the loading. If they have to stand a little driving, they do have work and get good pay." Perhaps this argument was not born of the deepest knowledge of economics, but it rang true as the honest belief of a moderate thoughtful man, and was spoken with decent humility. It surely could not have been that the dogmatic Yankee lacked for an answer. Doubtless he was but pausing for a moment to collect his thunder. But the hesitation was fatal, for, meanwhile, the drummer "got the floor." "That's so," he cackled. "I remember last fall I was out to see Murphy—you know Murphy of Chicago?" he asserted rather than asked. Nobody knew Murphy of Chicago, or if he did, he did not see fit to own it. "Well, anyway," pursued the drummer unabashed, "I was out to see Murphy at Joliet last fall; he was superintending the enlargement of a sewage canal beyond the

controlling works, and he told me a great yarn—Murphy did.” It would be tedious to follow the digressions that prefaced and interlined this great yarn of Murphy’s. But when at last it had got its telling, it was not without its point. Briefly, it was the story of the Irishman who had been working on the canal and who re-appeared, rather late and battered, one Monday forenoon only to find that he had been supplanted by a steam shovel. He watched it for a time, as the great steel jaws bit into the clay, closed with a snap, and creaked slowly upward with a whole cart-load of earth in its grip. Then he shook a grimy fist at the steel usurper. “Yez can do the work of a dozen min, ye blitherin’ spalpeen; av coorse, it’s aisy for yez to take the bread out of the mouths of a score of honest Irishmen! But yez can’t vote!” he yelled triumphantly, “nor yez can’t get dhrunk,” he added, as his voice softened in tender memory and his little retreating jaw that had been set with such comical ferocity, relaxed and hung limp—a fatuous blob.

Just then the bell clanged, the engine coughed thickly and the rich amber water ran in ripples of mud up the levee as the great hulk backed and turned and headed down stream. She nosed her way among the endless turnings of this most contorted of rivers. She felt her way over shoals where one could feel the jar and grind of her paddles on the sand. Every few miles she swung around and moored, nosing up stream, like a great fish at rest in the current. And always the loading and unloading was of absorbing interest. She moored at Cairo to take on coal. It being election day, one of the negroes in the coal barge which came along side, was sumptuously dressed as befitted so auspicious a day. His patent leathers gleamed; his gray-brown suit was neat and natty, his collar was tall and white—and the coal was soft coal. He hesitated. The mate—he of the club—ordered him to go to work or to get out of the way. The extra rates for heaving coal were alluring. He was obviously torn by dissention. But he went to work—though gin-

gerly. Soon a voluminous black mammy came undulating down the levee with a bundle under her arm. She swept the roustabout with searching glance. Through the coal dust she espied the gorgeous elector. She caught his eye. She beckoned to him with an emphatically crooked finger. He went. For an incredibly brief time she sheltered him behind her expansive skirt and a lime barrel. When he emerged he wore blue overalls, a red shirt, a battered cap, and was tying on the wreck of an old shoe. But, alas, by the time he had elbowed his way back to his place through the seething mass of coal heavers, another negro had his job and refused to give it up. And the cruel mate gave his decision in favor of the usurper. The negro bore the disappointment with admirable resignation. Not so the disgusted old mammy, who scolded him roundly and ambled off up the levee, still sputtering and carrying a bundle perceptibly larger than the one she had brought.

One day a sour-faced woman came aboard carrying a cat, preceded by a coop of chickens and followed by a little girl. Mercifully the cat and chickens required most of her attention, so the little girl was snapped and scolded only in the rare intervals when the mother had time to consider her insignificant presence. She sought the captain and gave him minute instructions as to the disposal of the chickens; they were to be put on the middle deck where she could get to them easily; they were to be kept out of rain and wind, covered with a tarpaulin at night, etc., till the captain was in dispair. She volunteered that she was taking her poultry to Memphis to sell. "But, I should think, madame, you would hate to part with these precious chickens," said the captain. She explained that they scratched up her garden so that she could not have them around any more. "But you need not sell them just for that," said the captain. "Didn't you know that when chickens bother you scratching up your garden, all you have to do is to fasten a little hook to each heel so that when the chicken begins to scratch,

he can't help walking right out of the garden in spite of himself?"

But she angrily spurned his guileless sympathy and advice. And, worst of all, she got even by working off her wrath on the long suffering little girl.



The Death of Mrs. Stanford

The death of Mrs. Stanford is an event of peculiar interest to the schools of California. Directly and indirectly, the founding of Stanford University has wrought marvelously in familiarizing our public with the idea of higher education. Some years ago, in an article on "California and the Californians," Dr. Jordan said: "In no other state is the path from the farm house to the college so well trodden as here." This condition has largely developed since the wealthy and vigorous institution at Palo Alto came into existence. The stimulus has been communicated to the public school system, until now every high school must perforce contemplate more or less vividly the possibility of a course in one of our universities. Such a course has become a commonplace, which means that the people of California are to show a high average of culture in the future.

The passing away of the last of its founders marks a distinct epoch in the history of Stanford University. Heretofore personal pride and solicitude—an affection such as that of parent for child—has been a strong element in the management. This is now to be replaced by the disinterested care of the impersonal public. The future of the institution is in the hands of the people of California. The only way to show a proper gratitude for such a gift, and for the broad and generous spirit with which the foundations of the university have been laid, is by carefully preserving the magnificent bequest—in spirit as well as in body.

A Week in Sunny Ireland

"A week in sunny Ireland." This is what the guide book said, also the tourist agent to whom we applied for particulars. "A week in sunny Ireland!" Do you dare go back to America and say you missed it? Our vacation was growing alarmingly near its close, our purses were daily more cadaverous, but the bait was too alluring and in the innocence of our souls we decided to "take in" Ireland. Oh, gullable American tourist, not to know this meant that, not Ireland, but ourselves, would be taken in!

Odes have been written to the joys of crossing the Irish sea. We felt those joys—such as they were—to the innermost depths of our being, and the early morning found a dejected looking trio eagerly scanning the horizon for the Irish coast, while politely, yet firmly, refusing the steward's invitation to breakfast.

Indeed, I didn't say we were sea-sick, but how we longed for Dublin, where we were to land!

Dear, dirty Dublin! Once within its fascinating grasp, our past woes were forgotten and we set ourselves to the enjoyment of the new ones which arrived in rapid succession. As in the "Real Diary of a Real Boy," our daily journal readings were, "stormy and bad," and we looked in vain for "sunny Ireland." At first it drizzled, then it poured; the wind howled day and night. Then it grew tired, drizzled a little, and began all over again. Why the natives didn't grow web-footed and develop umbrella-like projections on the head is a mystery to me.

Our first real adventure happened promptly with our arrival on the dock. The only available jarvey (as the drivers are called) singled us out at once. We were Americans—that was obvious. Consequently we were wealthy and fair game. Thriple the regular amount was demanded to take us up town, but not for nothing had we religiously read our guide books. We refused. The

jarvey was firm—so were we. It was too far to walk, so there we were, and seemingly there we would stay. At last we compromised and climbed into the cab, but not before I noticed a wicked gleam in brother jarvey's eye. A crack of the whip, and we were off—literally off our seats and piled in a heap on the cab floor, while faster and faster drove our angry coachman. Around corners, on two wheels or one—never on four—down lanes and dirty alleys into the worst quarter of the town we were whirled; the inhabitants looking at us in open-mouthed wonder as we three gasping John Gilpins clung to the seats and tried to look calm, while wondering how our epitaphs would read. After nearly an hour's wild tear, a more violent lurch brought us to a stop, the cab door opened, and our now smiling driver assisted us to alight, and on accepting the specified fee from our trembling hands, cheerfully asked if we hadn't "something for the jarvey." And to our shame be it said, that in a burst of thankfulness because our lives were spared—we gave it.

Meanwhile it was raining, but nevertheless we "did" the city with its beautiful main streets and filthy back ones; its green parks and luscious strawberries. The most beautiful of the parks, by the way, is named Phoenix Park, and, on asking our driver why it should be so named when there never was such a bird as the Phoenix, "Sure," said he, "that's the very reason. There niver was such a park, aither."

From Dublin, on to Cork and Blarney Castle we went, and to these glorious Killarney Lakes. And everywhere we rode in—or on—a jaunting car, which combines the slowness of riding on a pack mule (so far as position is concerned) and the locomotive of an overland express for speed. Added to this our view of the rapidly passing scenery was limited to that seen from underneath a tightly held umbrella, except when a stronger blast than usual wrenched it from our grasp.

How we loved these jaunting cars! And yet our memories of them are fraught with pain. Glorying in the

possession of three immaculate rain-coats, purchased for this very occasion, we braved the wildest day of all—and down by the lakes we went on a new and bright red jaunting car. Hours later, three tired, dripping tourists were wrung out before a hotel fire, while three once immaculate rain-coats were vainly scrubbed to remove the evidences of that new and bright red jaunting car. And our voices rose in chorus as we said with our Irish friend, “The next time we take a new jaunting car, we won’t take a new jaunting car, but an old one—especially in the rain.”

Now, on to Blarney Castle, where we climbed the moss-grown ruin, lying on our backs in the pouring rain and risking our several lives because, of course, we must touch that magic stone. On our way out, we probed the old, old Irishman at the gate for one of those rich Irish jokes of which we had so often read. So, to open conversation, the bravest of the trio said: “You shouldn’t have it rain when we come to visit Blarney Castle.” Slowly the Irishman looked at us. Slowly—so slowly—his mouth opened, and he said as he turned on his heel, “Sure, mum, I couldn’t help it.” The rest of the way we walked in silence.

From Blarney our way again led Dublinward, but now by train, and while two advance hotel agents wildly gesticulated and harangued over our heads as to which hotel should have the honor of our humble patronage, we quietly studied our guide books and decided to take that night’s steamer back to England. Satisfied? Yes, indeed! for had we not seen “sunny Ireland?”



Dionysius

At the feet of the Doric columns in the Greek amphitheater at Berkeley I had spent a pleasant half hour, idly wondering if the sky-roof above me was as blue as that provided for the Athenians, or if Zophocles and his fellows would feel at home in this edifice among the eucalyptus trees. As I passed out at one of the wings I encountered another visitor, who, though differing from the ordinary sight-seers, was certainly not out of harmony with the place. He was a youth of twenty, perhaps, clad in tan and brown and all the awkwardness of unwonted Sunday clothes. His wondering gaze at the questions which the odd structure called forth revealed a mind whose lines were as simple and classic as those of the theater itself.

"What is this thing here," he asked.

"This is the Greek amphitheater," I replied, quite willing to place my superior knowledge at his disposal.

"Oh, that's it!" he commented, trying to understand. "Something like what the Chinamen have?" He put this query cautiously, yet with the air of one who had seen some notable things before.

"No; it's like the theaters the Greeks had two or three thousand years ago."

He nodded and grunted, naively pretending to comprehend.

"Where is the place they call the university?" was the next question. Evidently he had wandered all over the campus and up into the woods in search of the fabulous institution. When I pointed in the direction of the buildings he was obviously puzzled, but did not wish to show it. He reverted to the amphitheater, and, with a grin at the remembrance of his own simplicity, said:

"I reckoned I'd find this full of water; it looked to me more like a tank or somethin' than anything else."

"It does look like a tank," I conceded, grudgingly—"like a mountain reservoir." Inwardly I blamed my

faculties for not having thought out the likeness before.

"Bet it cost a heap o' money, all right," he ventured.

"Yes, probably several thousand dollars."

"Shouldn't wonder," he assented, appraising the structure with a single glance. "And they ain't nothin' to it, neither—nothin' but sand and rock."

"And cement," I suggested. I really felt it my duty to make out as good a case as possible for the edifice which is the pride of Berkeley.

"Oh, yes, cement," he grunted liberally. Then feeling that he was on familiar terms with the place, he essayed to walk along the stage to the farther exit. In spite of his efforts to appear unconscious, his manner suggested doubt as to whether the floor was substantial. Nevertheless, he was as Doric as the columns. Compared with him, all others who have appeared on that stage were sophisticated Corinthians.



A Sonnet to the Frog==Biology II

You lumpy, croaking, helpless little thing!
 Say, did you leave your oozing haunts to bring
 Us tidings of your pleasant native sphere?
 Why do you gaze around you in such fear?
 And why your wobbling legs around you fling?
 You spread them out as though you would take wing.
 But no, you cannot, for I need you—dear.

* * * * *

Oh, yes! you poor old thing, you well may sigh!

I needs must know the way that you are built,
 And consequently, froggy, you must die.

I hope I shall not have to cause you pain—

And yet I kill you, thinking not of guilt,


For your sad loss is science's great gain.

“The Porcupine”

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Editor's Announcement

The material in this number of the Porcupine, as is indicated by the title, was contributed by members of the High School faculty. Those contributing were Miss Hathaway, Miss Young, Miss Wood, Miss Barnett, Mr. Outcalt and Mr. Harwood. All signatures have been omitted, as it was the wish of some that such should be done. No attempt was made at any startling innovations. The number differs from others only in the quality and the source of the contributions. This means is taken to thank the teachers on behalf of the paper's readers for a number of exceptional interest.

We wish to call your attention to the April number of the Porcupine. That number is to be entirely devoted

to the athletes and athletics of the school. Although at present in a nebulous form, it will undoubtedly deserve the heartiest support of every student. We shall incur considerable expense in its production, consequently your support will be needed as well as deserved. It is to be on sale the 22d of April, the date of the S. M. A. A. L. Order at once from the manager, thereby assuring us of your interest.



There is no occasion for apology when we make comments upon the world in general. The subject is a very tempting one, because it is so generous in all its characteristics. We may speak of the world in general to the world in general, saying the best things or the worst, and no individual will have any right to feel either flattered or abused. If we were to use the same liberty in speaking to an individual, the result might be embarrassing to all parties, to say nothing of possible disaster.

And yet this very complaisance in the world in general, this trait which we take advantage of, is the trait which we are impelled to criticise. The world in general sometimes sees its own mistakes; but, instead of rectifying them or casting them forth, binds them up with all their evil effects in neat packages, adds them to its luggage, adjusts the ever growing burden as comfortably as may be, and plods along, a little more wearily, perhaps, but with undisturbed serenity. The world in general some-

times reorganizes its own virtues and victories; but instead of following up the suggestions of these—instead of hitching its wagon to a star, whenever star and wagon are available—this wayfarer scorns wagons and stars alike, and clings to the dusty footpath. He may be buoyed up temporarily by a new realization of strength, but in the main he simply plods along, vaguely trusting that each step brings him nearer to some vague millennium. Airships, automobiles and ocean greyhounds alike fail to shame him out of his plodding. Guide posts are of little use; all paths, all points of the compass, are alike to him. There is much needless wandering, occasionally a mild twinge of regret or repentance for wasted time or strength, but the world in general is usually very well satisfied with itself and its method of plodding. What if this generous, flabby creature, with the jelly fish constitution, should some day get a definite character, begin to see definite objects, and to act promptly and vigorously upon its mistakes and victories! Would not the millennium be at hand?

And now the suggestion comes that this comment on the world in general applies almost as fitly to the average man—who may be a merchant, a doctor, a politician, a tsar, a school boy, or even a teacher. This may lead to difficulty, for the average man, recognizing himself in a description, some times acts resentfully, which the world in general never does. On the other hand, the average man sometimes takes a hint, so that it may be worth while to incur the risk of stirring him up.

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A Winter in the White Mountains

A student who has won his way through the prescribed mazes of a four years' course in High School finds in his hard-earned sheepskin inspiration for high aims. At this important point in my own life day dreams centered around teaching, and wielding the rod of authority seemed to my inexperienced mind quite the high road to fame.

It so happened the year following graduation found me across the continent from home, and thus it came about that a certain district school in far-away New England offered a field for my earliest effort. This special district was called "The Centre;" of just what it was the hub I cannot say, truly not of social life or business interests. A few quiet farms spread peacefully in its boundaries, and even the whistle of a railroad train came as only a faint echo. To me an air of romance surrounded the place, partly because of the intrinsic beauty of the spot, and especially because one of the old-fashioned homesteads had been established by my grandfather, and the firm stone walls and rocky pastures were connected with many a story of my father's boyhood. In the "Centre" school house my father and numerous uncles and aunts had mastered their Webster's spelling book and coned their well-worn Adams' Arithmetic.

The building itself, though stiff in architecture and meagerly furnished, had a charm of its own, for it was a survival of the days of Puritan severity, and its straight

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backed seats reminded one of very prim and straight-backed girls and boys dressed in sober homespun. In its prime it had really been a "centre" of a populous neighborhood, and many a joyous singing school or exciting spelling match had filled it to its utmost capacity, even crowding the queer, uncomfortable benches built along the sides of the room. As a crowning joy to me—a native Californian—was the novelty of a season among the snowy White Mountains, and that, too, in the countryside where the features lay hidden for long months under a heavy white mantle. I never wearied of the beauty of it, though when surrounded by the wide expanse of snow I was always conscious of a certain oppressive loneliness which I have never experienced elsewhere.

During the winter I learned a few points about sleighing which may prove valuable to another uninitiated one; such as the fact that it is the better part of wisdom to drive around a snow drift rather than through it, even though it looks soft and harmless; and that on roads covered with "glare" ice the sleigh is expected to slide around until it leads the horse. Walking through soft snow is another thing to know about, and a neat little problem in physics might be based upon the requisite force exerted in lifting two heavily clad arctic feet a mile and a half through twelve inches of new fallen snow; as to attempting a walk on ice after a thaw and subsequent freeze, much might better be left unsaid.

Before the position was assured me, there was the necessary preliminary of a certificate. It was with little trepidation that I interviewed the "committeeman" who was to examine my extensive (?) scholarly attainments.

Paul T. Hahman, Ph D.

Jerry W. Claypool
Class of '93

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Remember, I was a High School graduate; as such I felt secure of any place of honor. The matter did prove no ordeal, yet no credit redounded to the intelligence on my part. Let me explain that the rather formal searching examinations to which a prospective teacher must submit himself in our state are not a part of the program in selecting teachers in New Hampshire. The low salaries offered in most country districts attract few applicants, and the result is a comparatively low standard of qualifications. So it was that after rather apologetically quizzing me as to a few rules in arithmetic and testing my ability to read an item in the newspaper, this very affable schoolman declared me in every sense qualified.

The composure which I had felt during this preceding interview was slightly shaken when I faced the dozen or fifteen bright-eyed and modern boys and girls, sitting in judgement over me as the "new teacher." Not being a veteran in the service, I had no well formulated plan of attack, and the first day saw little organization. An interminable series of classes loomed up in dim perspective and I found myself spending sleepless nights over a problem in which six hours should be divided into such fractional parts that each individual might pursue his course in a separate class in every subject in the curriculum. It was in vain that I advocated the merits of competition gained by a general class in geography or in history. No such plan had been followed by the "last teacher," and as for geography, it was in most cases declared to be "finished" and consequently laid on the shelf. Suffice it to

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say that matters righted themselves in some measure and quite reasonable were the strides which some of the ambitious ones took that term. Occasionally the threatened monotony of the day was broken in some unexpected fashion—this being especially true when the four-year-old, the youngest of the flock and of an investigating turn of mind—tested the entire contents of an ink bottle. The whole school adjourned with little ceremony to the neighboring spring where much cold water was applied, both externally and internally, with good result.

Recess periods were looked forward to with joyful interest, scarcely less keen to pupils than to teacher. The neighboring hillside furnished an excellent sliding place and with the girls to drag the sleds up and steer them down hill, the fun was unadulterated for me occupying the seat of honor behind. The boys, always more venturesome, lying prone on their long home-made coasters, came down with terrific speed, risking life and limb in every "coast."

Snowballing sometimes amused them for a time, but these Yankee boys as invariably returned to their coasters for the leading sport as do their western brothers to the inevitable baseball.

The hills surrounding the school house were low and densely wooded with maple, spruce and birch; high in the distance Mt. Washington loomed, with neighboring Lafayette close by. A familiar sight to all the country round was the rocky profile of the old Man of the Mountain, familiar to most boys and girls in Hawthorne's story of the Great Stone Face. Like all natural wonders,

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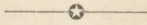
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this face expresses to each observer a different meaning.

If the stern guardian of the hillside seemed sometimes to regard me with a frown, was it merely an excited fancy of my own, or did he, perhaps, resent the untrained efforts of an invading westerner, who was withal only a high school graduate? Perhaps some of my readers may some day study his phinx-like expression for themselves and find the real truth of its meaning.



Our Work-a-day World

Our work-a-day world is school. The one we are now interested in is High School. We hate it. It confines, restrains. It compels, enforces. It encloses within wall-ed and sunless space even at a time when all nature grows, jumps and laughs. It suppresses to silence when the fibres tingle with activity. It forces to colorless effort when the outside world glows with practical action. It bears down with small rulings when the air seems laden with freedom. No reason is given nor seen for this enthrallment. It is all that is unnatural and thoroughly disagreeable. We leave it in disgust, or are held to it in despair.

* * * * *

Time passes. We visit in the country and enter the school house. The clock in silence looks down upon empty seats. The stove is cold. A pall of dust covers the room. Here is a sign, a mark on a desk, a note on the floor, a muffler on the wall. At the window we look down upon the playground, and then to the white fields and gray hills beyond. At the organ, we sit down and play

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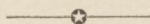
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the song left open before us on the rack. We are swept out upon a sea of infiniteness and are saved from wreck by the thought that we are to meet again and for always.

* * * * *

We return to school. It was a system of tasks and rules. It is now a world of boys and girls—the best boys and girls of a community. It was obligation to parents; it is now opportunity for pupils and self. It was duty; it is now life.

High School, our work-a-day world. A world of the best, for the best, and toward the best. We are happy and busy in it. We are loyal, loyal to our world with a motto, "Veritas," and loyal to ourselves, with a motto, "Esse Quam Videri."



Exchanges

The exchanges at hand for February show a great variety in many respects. As a whole they are attractive in form and are creditable.

Publication space does not permit criticism of each one, and some of the best have been passed over without comment. Let us omit this month the mention of those papers which are attractive mainly for covers. Such praise seems rather weak for a paper which aspires to represent the life of a school.

The first number of the Manzanila is an attractive paper. We hope that the "little apple" will flourish and grow.

The Cardinal, published by the students of Corning Union High School, is a bright little paper. The author

R. C. Moodey Spring Styles
in SHOES

of "A Scheme That Failed" is gifted with a remarkable imagination.

The February number of La Plume is very good. The magazine as a whole is attractive and ranks high in comparison with our other exchanges.

The illustrations in the Sea Urchin from Pacific Grove make it a very attractive number. The articles are nearly all good and the general appearance of the paper is very creditable.

The Poly is a well organized paper. "The Men Who Lied" promises to be a very good story. "The Mile Run" also deserves mention. Merit is not confined to the literary department. The many other divisions of the magazine deserve a share of the praise.

We are glad that the students of the Orland High School are again publishing the Atheneum. The paper has our best wishes for its prosperity in the future.

The Oracle from the Oakdale Union High School devotes several pages of its February issue to articles dealing with Washington. The number as a whole is good, and the school has reason to be proud of it.

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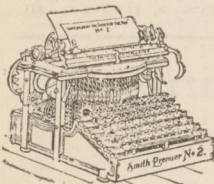
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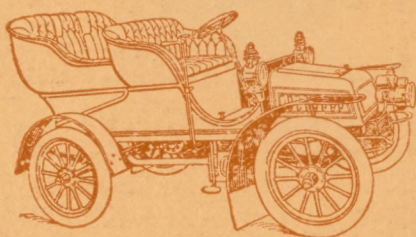
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